

THE
Lamentations of
the Prophet
J E R E M I A H
Paraphras'd.

Suitable to the exigencies of these times.

P. Jeremiah. 9. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eys a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.

S. Luke 19.

41. Jesus, when He was come neer, beheld the City, and wept over it,
 42. Saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now —
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on which His MAJESTIE, God
bless Him, retir'd from
Hampton-Court.

M. D. C. XLVII.



1. 16.
664.



To the Reader.

He sad condition of this unhappy Nation, so parallel to that of the Jews both in her Sin and Punishment, may be a sufficient Apologie for the setting forth of these most pathetical Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah. Which being so perfect an Idea and representation both of what we have unjustly done against the sovereign Majesty of Heaven and Earth, and of what we most justly suffer from the same most righteous hand, I am confident the propounding of them to the publike view in this plain and familiar Paraphrase canot be lesse acceptable and welcome, then it is seasonable & proper. The undertaking of an Epicadium in general will be soon justified by the carriage of all sorts of people in the case of common danger by Fire or Water; every one then contributing his best assistance, either at the pump or bucket. And it will be quickly understood why in special I conform'd my sense and ex-

To the Reader.

pression of our presens miseries to the language of the Prophet Ieremiah, or rather of the Holy Ghost himself, if we consider the strange squeeziness of soul most people are possessed with, in their several glosses and interpretations of our unnatural distractions. My desire is, as to insinuate and work kindly upon the affections of all, though of never so different judgement, in the serious and passionate meditation of our common miseries, so indeed not to provoke any gall, or rub harshly upon any sore, while the consideration of our present sad condition is represented only in general to the sober and solemn thoughts of pious and well affected souls. This if I can obtain I have my end; and shall satisfy myself with this assurance, that, if God have not decreed the present ruin of the Nation for our great unthankfulness, we shall yet enjoy the Gospel of Peace, and the Peace of the Gospel. And let all the people say, Amen.



The Lamentations of the Prophet J E R E M I A H.

C H A P. I.

1 **O**w doth the City solitary sit
That multitudes of people had in it?
How is she as a widow now be-
moan'd?
She that among the Nations in-
thron'd,

Among the Provinces a Prince's was,
How doth she now pay tribute? how? alas!

2 She weepeth sore all night, and on her cheek
Tears, cruel tears, her fairest beauties break:
Among her lovers none her grief allay,
Her friends are turned foes, and her betray.

3 Judah into captivity is gone
Great servitude and great affliction:
Among the heathen rest she findeth none,
But greater straits of persecution.

4 The ways of Zion mourn, because that none
Her solemn Feasts keep with devotion.
Her gates are desolate, her Priests do sigh,
Her Virgins are afflicted bitterly.

5 Her adversaries are the chief; her foe
Doth prosper; for the Lord hath brought her low:
The multitude of her transgressions
Inslaves her children to the Nations.

6 Thy daughters beautie, Zion, all is gone,
Her Princes here and there, like Harts, do run,
Yet find no pasture: nor doth strength remain
Her from the fierce pursuer to mantein.

7 Jerusalem remembred, in the dais
Of her affliction, all the merry Mays,
All the delightfull things she did enjoy,
When cruel foes her people did destroy;

And

And none did help : thus was she, all forlorn,
Seen by her foes ; her Sabbaths were their scorn.

8 Jerusalem hath grievously transgressed,
Therefore she wanders far, and finds no rest.
All, that once honor'd her, her now despise,
Her nakedness was sport unto their eyes.
Yea, quite ashamed of her self for lack
Of Grace and wit, she flings and turneth back.

9 Her filthiness is in her skirts ; her end
Comes never to her mind, to make her mend :
So by Gods wrath she wonderfully fell ;
She had no comforter of peace to tell.
On my affliction, Lord, cast thou an eye,
For lo, my foe himself doth magnifie.

10 All that was pleasant, or to her most dear,
Lay vanquish'd by her foes triumphant spear.
And she hath seen, & bight of all disgrace !
The heathen folk invade her Holy-place ;
On whom was laid of old this strict command,
Come never, never, on this Holy land.

11 Her people figh, seek bread, and to relieve
Themselves with meat, their pleasant things do give :
See, Blessed God, consider these my throes,
How vile I am become unto my foes.

12 O all ye Passengers behold and see,
Is all this nothing that befalleth me ?
Was ever any sorrow like to mine ?
See, was there ever such a naked vine ?
Was the Almighty vengeance ever seen
So hard on any, as on me't hath been ?
Or was there ever such a day of wrath,
So cruel, as to me this proved hath ?

13 Fire from above into my bones he sent,
Which did in his just anger them torment.
For me he spread a net, he turn'd me back ;
I desolate and faint all comforts lack.

14 His hand hath yok'd my sin and misery,
Which on my neck ly wreathed heavily.
My strength is gone ; the Lord hath made me fall
Into their hand ; rise up I never shall.

15 The Lord 'th midst of me hath troden down
My mighty men, my chiefest joy and crown :

He an Assembly did against me call,
Which shoud my young men crush, my maid's enthrall.
The Virgin, Judahs daughter, was by God,
As in a winepress, pitifully trod.

16 For this I weep, mine eie, mine eie runs down,
Whole floods of tears my soul and body drown,
Because the comforter that should releeve
My soul, doth unto me no comfort give.
My children most disconsolately cry
Because of the prevailing enemy.

17 Zion spreads forth her hands, but there is none
To comfort her : the Lords command is gone
Concerning Jacob, that his cruel foes
Should hedge him in, him round about inclose.
Nor wonder at it, since Jerusalem
Is as a monstrous woman among them.

18 The Lord is just, for I rebelled have
Against the Holy Laws which he me gave.
All people hear, I pray, my grief behold,
My virgins, my yong men for slaves are sold.

19 I call'd my Lovers, but they me deceiv'd:
I of my Priests and Elders was bereau'd,
Who in the City did give up the Ghost ;
For want of meat, alas ! their souls were lost.

20 Behold, ô Lord, for I am in distress ;
My troubled bowels yern : I do confes
My rebel-sins : my heart relents, ô God ;
Death me bereaves at home, the sword abroad.

21 My bitter sighs and groans came to their ear,
But yet to comfort me did none appear.
When all my foes had heard my troubles story,
That thou hadst done it ; Lord, how did they glory !
But when that Day, by thee prefixt, begins,
Their woes shall be like mine, as were their sins.

22 As all their wickedness is known to thee,
So do to them as thou hast done to me
For all my sins. Dear God, hear my complaint ;
My sighs are many, and my heart is faint.

C H A P. II.

1 Zion, how hath the Lord thy daughters fame
In envelop'd in a cloud of wrath and shame !

How from the Heaven to the Earth, to Hell,
Cast down the beauty of his Israel !
Why did he in the day of his fierce heat
The footstool of his glory so forget ?

2 The Lord hath Jacobs habitations
Quite swallow'd up without compassions.
He with the ground, o Judah, level'd hath
Thy strongest holds in his inflamed wrath :
Thy towers to the Earth he hath cast down,
Polluting both thy Princes and thy Crown.

3 The glorious horn and strength of Israel
In His just indignation down fell :
His right hand from before the enemie
He hath drawn back ; and against Jacob he
Burn'd like a flaming fier, which no bound
Observeth ever, but devoureth round.

4 He like an enemie hath bent his bow,
Stands arm'd on his right hand, as doth a foe.
All that were pleasant to the eie he slew ;
And what was most desireable to view,
Within thy daughters rich pavilion,
His fury like a flame did seize upon.

5 The Lord, as unto Israel a foe,
Did all her Princely palaces orethrow :
Her strong holds he destroy'd, and brought upon
Thy daughter, Judah, lamentation.

6 His Tabernacle he by violence
Took down, as if some gardens slighter fence :
Her places of Assembly, Solemn Feasts,
And Sabbaths are forgot in Zion : Preists,
And Kings, anointed with the sacred horn,
Are now become the subjects of his scorn.

7 His Altar he cast off, and did profane
The holy place, once called by his name.
Her Palace and Gods house her foes possest,
Who made a noise as on a solemn Feast.

8 The wall of Zion it is Gods design
To ruin ; he hath stretched out a line :
See, how it works : The Rampart and the wall
Do both lament, do both together fall.

9 Her gates are sunk into the ground : her bar
Is broken down : her King and Princes are

Among

Chap. 2. *Of the Prophet Jeremias.*
Among the Gentiles : see, the Law is gon,
Her Prophets find from God no vision.

10 Her elders silent on the earth do sit,
Ashes upon their heads they cast ; and sit
Sackcloth about their loins : her virgins sigh,
Hang down their heads, and wail their miserie.

11 Mine eys do fail with tears, my bowels melt ;
Such troubles never were by any felt :
My liver's poured out : see, all conspire
My daughters ruin ; Famine, Sword and Fire
Combine against her ; nay the sucklings faint
In her, among all Cities once the Saint.

12 Whet's corn and wine ? they to their mothers cry,
When in the City streets they famish'd ly,
And swooning, ready to pour out their soul
Into their mothers laps, who them condole.

13 To what shall I thee liken or compare,
O daughter of Jerusalem ? my care
Is what to equal to thee, that I may
Some comfort to distressed Zion say.
Thy breach, great as the sea, who can conceal ?
The greater mischief is, none can thee heal.

14 The Prophets foolish things for thee have seen,
By them thy sins have not disclosed been.
False burthens they to thee did represent
Not the true causes of thy banishment.

15 All passengers at thee their hands do clap,
They hiss and wagg their heads at thy mishap.
They say, Is this Earths joy, this Zion ? this
The paragon of beauty and of blis ?

16 Thine enemies their mouth have open'd wide,
They hiss and gnash their teeth, they thee deride.
See, see, she's swallow'd up : This is the day
We looked for, have found, have seen. Away.

17 The Lord hath done what he long sence foretold ;
He hath fulfill'd the word he spake of old.
He hath thrown down, he hath not pitied ;
Thy foes set up their horn, exalt their head.

18 At last their heart unto the Lord did crie.
O wall of Zion, full of miserie,
Let tears run down like rivers day and night,
Nor rest thou, nor the apple of thy sight.

19 Virgin arise, and in the night cry out,
Before the morning watches pass about ;
Thy heart, like water, pour before the face
Of thy dear Lord ; and to his holy place
Lift up thy hands ; thy childrens life implore,
Who in the streets ly faint at every dore.

20 Consider, Lord, with whom this Cup began :
Shal women eat their children of a span ?
Shal Priest and Prophet, Blessed God, be slain
Within that holy place where thou dost reign ?

21 The yong and old upon the ground do ly,
My virgins and yong men by sword do dy.
In that thy day of wrath thou didst them slay,
Thou hadst no pity, Lord ; wouldest have no nay.

22 As in a solemn day or Festival,
My terrors round about me thou didst call.
When thou wast angry, Lord, none did remain,
None did escape to comfort me again.
They that were swadled and brought up by me
Were all consumed by mine enemy.

C H A P. III.

1 I am the man have seen affliction
By his sharp rod of indignation.

2 He did me to those shades of darkness bring,
Whence will no beams of light for ever spring.

3 Sure, against me, me only did he turn
His hand, which me, as fire, did all day burn.

4 My flesh and skin, alas ! are waxen old ;
My bones are broken ; not one whole is told.

5 A batt'ring fort he did against me rear ;
He compass'd me with travel, gall and fear.

6 Dark places he hath caus'd me to possess,
As they that dy'd of old, remediless.

7 No getting forth, he hath so hedg'd me round ;
My chains ly heavy, press me to the ground.

8 Nay, when to him I cry, nay, when I shout,
In anger he my prayer shuttereth out.

9 With heven stone he hath inclos'd my way ;
My paths are crooked, and I go astray.

10 Me, as a Lyon in the woods, to bait,
For me he, as a Bear, doth lie in wait.

11 He hath me turn'd aside, to pieces torn,
Hath made me desolate and all forlorn.

Of the Prophet Jeremiah.

Chap. 3.

12 His bow he bent, and, though with great regret,
Me for the arrow as a mark he set.

13 The arrows of his quiver he hath made
My reins to enter, and my soul invade.

14 My people had me in derision;
Made me their song, me all day gap'd upon.

15 He hath me fill'd with bitterness; I sunk
As if I were with gall and wormwood drunk.

16 With gravel stones my teeth all broken are;
Me hath he roll'd in ashes, girt with hair.

17 Thou hast remov'd my soul far off from peace;
Thou mad'st prosperity from me to cease.

18 Thee, thee, ô Lord, I once rely'd upon;
My strength is perish'd now, my hope is gone.

19 Good God remember my affliction,
My wormwood, gall, and desolation.

20 These when my soul doth call to memory,
How low it bows, how humble then am I!

21 These are my thoughts, this I recall to mind,
In this I hope, and, hoping, comfort find.

22 That we art not consumed, Lord, we owe
To thee, whose bowels stil with mercies flow.

23 Each morning they renew, and go their round,
Thy faithfulness is great and knows no bound.

24 The Lord's the lot, and portion of my soul;
Therefore my hope in him shall none controul.

25 The Lord is good to them that for him wait:
That soul that seeks him shal his grace relate.

26 Great comfort unto man it doth afford,
To wait for the salvation of the Lord.

27 It's good for man, and doth to God indear,
If in his youth the yoke of God he bear.

28 He sits alone, in silence is content,
Because God layd it on, doth not relent.

29 His mouth he putteth in the dust; if so,
If to him any hope from thence may grow.

30 His cheek he giveth to the smiter, he
Is filled full with scorn and obloquie.

31 The Lord, though just yet, bears a fathers love,
Nor will me, though a sinner, stil reprove.

32 Though he cause greif yet his compassions
Are greater far then our transgressions.

33 He doth not from his heart, not willingly,
Afflict or us, or our posterity.

34 The pris'ners of the earth under his feet
To crush, as filth or garbage of the street;

35 To turn aside the right of any man,
Before his face who should the right mantein;

36 And to subvert a cause, for fear or love,
The Lord, the righteous Judg doth not approve.

37 Who is't that faith and it doth come to pass,
That never by the Lord commanded was?

38 Believe it, from the mouth of the most high
Proceed not good and evil, truth and ly.

39 O why, why doth a living man complain?
It is but just that sin should have its pain.

40 O let us search our ways, them let us trie,
And turn to God in deep humilitie.

41 O let us with our hands lift up our heart
To God in heaven, who will grace impart.

42 We have transgressed, we rebelled have;
No pardon from thy justice can we crave.

43 Vs in thine anger thou didst persecute,
Thou didst not pity, Thou didst execute.

44 Lord, thou thy face didst cover with a cloud,
Thou wouldst not hear our crys, though ne'r so loud.

45 As the offscouring we are made ô God,
And refuse of the people all abroad.

46 How all our enemies triumph and vaunt!
How open they their mouths, how they us taunt!

47 Fear and a snare our souls is come upon,
Sure desolation and destruction.

48 Mine ey, mine ey with floods of tears runs o're,
My daughters sad estate I much deplore.

49 Mine ey doth trickle down, and doth not cease,
Will have no intermission, no release.

50 Until the Lord shal look from heavens throne,
And thence behold my grief, and hear my groan.

51 Mine ey affects my heart, my heart mine ey,
So dismal is my daughters misery.

52 Me as a bird mine enemies did chase,
Me sorely without cause they did disgrace.

53 Me in the pit they did of life deprive,
And casting stones my ruin did contrive.

54 Over mine head did streams of waters run,
I am cut off, I am undon.

55 O Lord my God upon thy name I call'd
Out of the dungeon, where I was enthrall'd.

56 Thou heardst my voice ; ô do not shut thine ears
Or at my sighings, Lord, or at my tears.

57 When I on thee did call, thou drewest neer ;
In mercy thou saidst to me, do not fear.

58 The causes of my soul thou, Lord, didst plead ;
Thou didst my life redeem in her great need.

59 Lord, thou hast seen the wrongs they did to me ;
Iudg thou my cause, ô thou my Patron be.

60 Their vengeance and their fury, thou hast seen :
Their thoughts against me all have cruel been.

61 Their scorns and their reproaches thou didst hear,
All their designs against me cursed were.

62 The talk of those that did against me rise
Thou heardst, and what all day they did devise.

63 Behold, when they rise up, or down do ly,
I am their musick and their melody.

64 Requite them, Lord, that's all that I demand,
According to the work of their own hand.

65 Ah ! let their heart with sorrow be oppress ;
Give them thy curse, let them be never blest.

66 In anger persecute, and to be eav'n,
Destroy them, ô my God, from under heav'n.

C H A P. IIII.

1 How is the gold becom so dim ? alas !
How is the gold now chang'd, most fine that was ?
How do the stones, Lord, of thy holy place
Ly scatter'd in the streets before thy face ?

2 How are thy pretious sons, my Love, my Care,
Which with the fineſt gold might once compare,
How are they now caſt by as earthen pots,
By the laborious hand digg'd out of grotts ?

3 The monſters of the ſea draw out their breſt,
From ſuckling of their yong they never reſt ;
The daughter of my people cruel is,
As is the Oſtrich in the wilderness.

4 The ſucking infants young for thirſt doth cleave
Unto his palat : but can faith beleieve,
That the yong children, who nougħt els can ſpeak,
Should ask for bread, and none to them ſhould break ?

5 They

5 They that did feed most high and delicate
Do pine, and in the streets lie desolate.
They that descended of most noble race,
In stead of Scarlet, dunghills do embrace.

6 The daughter of my people did surpass
Proud Sodoms sin and punishment : alas !
As in a moment she was overthrown,
No hand upheld, none stayd her falling down.

7 Her Nazarites were purer then the snow,
No milk so white but they did it outgo :
They were more ruddy then the Rubies are,
Their polishing excell'd the Saphyrs far.

8 Their visage blacker then a coal appears,
Them mourning in the street none knows or hears :
Their skin cleaves to their bones, is withered,
And, like a stick without all moisture, dead.

9 They, whom the sword hath slain, far better be,
Then they that slain with thirst and hunger die :
For these do pine away, are stricken through,
For want of fruits which in the field do grow.

10 The women, that all tender pities breath,
They, they, their own, their dearest infants seeth
To satisfie their hunger : These, their meats,
O Zion, when destruction swept thy streets.

11 The Lord his fury now accomplish'd hath,
And justly poured out his feircest wrath :
A fire burns up thy habitations,
And hath devoured the foundations.

12 Nor Princes that in Majesty excell,
Nor People that on Earth's vast bounds do dwell,
Would have beleev'd, our foes, those cruel men,
Should make such havock in Jerusalem.

13 Her Prophets sins, her Priests iniquities,
The fatal causes of her miseries ;
That made a chanel through the City run,
Stain'd with the blood of saints by them undon.

14 As blindmen wander up and down the street,
So in by ways trod their misguided feet,
With blood so much polluted, that who ere
Their garments touch'd, with blood polluted were.

15 Depart, it is unclean; depart, they cry,
Depart, touch not, when wandering they fly :
Among the Heathen this was all the talk,
They shall no more or sojourn there, or walk.

16 The anger of the Lord did them divide,
He will no more regard, no more them guide :
The persons of the Priests have no respect,
The Elders without favour they reject.

17 For us, vain was our hope, our eys did fail,
Expecting help from man who is but frail.
We look'd, we waited for a Nation,
Which could not help, nor bring salvation.

18 They hunt our steps, they dogg us in the way,
That going in the streets we go astray ;
Our end is neer, our days fulfilled are ;
Our end is come ; of help we quite despair.

19 The eagles of the heavens for their prey
Are not so swift and eager, as are they
Our persecuting foes, who on the hills
Persue, and lie in wait to do all ills.

20 Our breath, and thy Anointed, & our God,
Is taken in the nets they spread abroad :
Of whom we said, Under his shadow we
Among the heathen shal preserved be.

21 Rejoyce, & Edoms daughter, in thy spoils ;
Rejoyce, & land of /z, in our troumoils :
The Cup of fury shal come round to thee,
And thou shal drunken, thou shalt naked be.

22 Thus was thy sin, & Zion, punished ;
Thou shalt no more by him be captive led :
But as for thee, proud Edom, God shall visit
Thy sins upon thee, after thy demerit.

Chapter the Fift.

1 Remember, & our God, what we have born ;
Consider our reproach, behold our scorn.

2 How strangers do our heritage possesse ;
Our houses aliens ; we have no redress.

3 We Orphans are, alas ! and fatherless ;
Our Mothers are as Widows in distress.

4 For water, all our drink, we pay and crave,
Our wood is sold to us, as to a slave.

5 Our necks are under persecution ;
We labour hard, no mitigation.

6 With Egypt and Affyria we combin'd,
That they, to satisfie us, bread might find.

7 Our Fathers dy'd for their iniquities ;
We bear their sins, we bear their miseries.

Chap. 5. The Lamentations of the Prophets Jeremiah.

- 8 Servants, as Lords, have made their command ;
And none do us deliver from their hand.
9 We gat our bread with peril of our life ;
With wilderness and sword we were at strife.
10 Our skin was like an oven scorch'd and black ;
The cruel storms of famine brake our back.
11 Thy maids and women raysh'd in the street,
O Zion, wail'd themselves at their foes feet.
12 The Princes and the Peers they execute ;
Nor have the Elders honor or repute.
13 Our lusty youth they took and forc'd to grind ;
Our children cleav'd their wood against their mind.
14 The Elders ceased from the Judgment seat ;
Our young men from their musick did retreat.
15 Our joy hath now a long vacation ;
Our dance is turn'd to lamentation.
16 Our crown, our glory from our head is gon ;
Wo, wo to us, our sins have us undon.
17 For this, for this, alas ! our heart is faint ;
For this our ey is dim, we make complaint.
18 Because thy mountain, Zion, is forlorn ;
And foxes walk upon it, to our scorn.
19 But thou, o Lord, for ever dost endure ,
Thy throne from age to age is establish'd sure.
20 Wherefore dost thou for ever us forget ?
So long forsake us ? o remember yet ;
21 Yet turn us, Lord, and we shal turn to thee ;
Our days let, as of old, renewed be.
22 Wilt thou quite cast us off, for all thy oath ?
Wo and alas ! our God is very wroth.

F I N I S.

2 Chron. 36.

- 15 The Lord God of their Fathers sent to them by his
Messengers, rising up betimes and sending : b cause he
had compassion on His people, and on this awalling place.
16 But they mocked the Messengers of God, and despise
his words, and misused his Prophets, until the wrath of
the Lord arose against his people, till there was no re-
medie.



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